CUPID'S ARROWS.

hoebe, wandering in the wood, Chanced to spy Dan Cupid sleeping; Long the curious maiden stood. Tiptoe through the branches peoping. For the youngster's lips she yearned.
Till, the branches parting skyly.
She, to sinks her thirst that hurned.
Shooped and kissed the reque's most
Now the boy's eyes open wide.
And upon the maid he gazes.
Conserve across at his side.

Grasse in arrow at his side.

And his after how upraises.

Swift the malden turns to thee,

Swift the arrow follows after,

Wounding in its flight a tree:

Hark! how rings the maid's clear laughter.

Cupid, with his sleep-duzzled eyes.

Stares a moment through the bushes

Where the laughting maid still files;

Then adown the wood he rushes.

Now the shaft o'ertakes the quarry,

Now it cleaves poor Phoebe's heart-Grasps an arrow at his side

Now it cleaves poor Phoche's hearts, are you wake Love, tarry

Honor of Boys

A Story of a Terrible Temptation. By Herbert D. Ward.

"Rut mother. How ridiculous, I'm no longer a little boy." Sidney straightened himself up to his full height of 5 feet



"I HOPE THAT WE MAY SEE MORE OF EACH OTHER.

Inches, and looked at his mother with

5 inches, and looked at his mother with an insulted air, "Besides, I've never been in Boston in my life, and I want to go." The boy pursed his lips out petulantly.

Mrs. Dorris looked at her only child with a confliction expression. Was it anger or embarrassment that made her sunburnt faces flush? She cast a quick, appealing giance at her sister, which Sidnep did not notice. He had moodily stoopped to pick up the little King Charles spaniel, and was twisting its silken ear and was twisting its silken ear

to Boston, and only 40 miles away. I'm tired of it." Sidney turned pathetically to his middle-aged aunt, who stood looking from one to the other. She alternately wiped her eyes and her spectacles with her brown gingham apron.

"Perhaps your mother will let you go through Boston on your way to the school. But it will be more expensive than changing at Lowell Junction." The last clause was added as a sort of apol-ogy to the daring suggestion of the first. Aunt Lou loved her nephew devotedly. All the long week they lived together in a little brick house on a side street in the busy city of Hills. For Mrs. Dorris and the beautiful white spaniel took the first train every Monday morning for Boston. and there they stayed outil the last train en Saturday night. Mrs. Dorris' husband had died when Sidney was a baby, and the 17-year-old lad could not remember the time when his mother had not spent the six days of the week in Boston, attending as he supposed, to his father's business. What that business was he never knew. It had been long accepted in the house as subtect which should never be men-

Sidney will change at Lowell Junction and be a good boy," said Mrs. Dorris af-ter a long pause, "I will see him that far on the train myself, and then go on to the city. He will find his own way from He is old enough to look out for himself, but not old enough to be disobedi-ent."—she added significantly.

Sidney gave Ermine's tail a pull. The dog s little yelp muffled his own sigh.

"All right," he said philosophically,
"I'll be a man soon, and then I'll go

where I please." "When you get through college, answered Mrs. Dorris, snapping her eyes and earn enough to support yourself then you can do as you please. My work

"At least, I can go into father's business and help you." Sidney looked up at his mother lovingly. All opposition to her wish had faded from his face. The ittle dog barked gleefully; but Aunt Lou eld her hand on the table to steady h

Mrs. Dorris stared at her son as if she had not understood his words. Then the color abruptly left her sunburnt, purched She looked 26 years older in that

change. "You shall never-" Mrs. Dorris did not

Mother!" cried Sidney. "You are ill. Dear mother!

But she straightened herself up from her habitual stoop, pushed him aside, and left the room and shut the door behind her. Sidney stared after her aghast, but made no effort to follow. A cordon of new thoughts seemed to surround and

confuse him of the great fitting-school with no con-There were 70 more boys in the same class, yet Sidney felt as if he had been cast upon a desert const. Although he had been used to associating with boys he had been that his life, yet, as this was the first time that he had ever been away from home by as much as a single night, the feeling of homesickness overpowered him, and it seemed to him at that time impossible resemed to him at that time impossible of form acquaintances and friends.

It was one of those hurdy-gurdy players, whom the boys had stopped to tease ers, whom the boys had stopped to tease the form acquaintances and friends.

The course of this fearless expression Sidmey was a boy's boy, and so it was most
natural that one of the richest fellows
in the class, a member of the most exclusive of the many secret societies in the

was fascinated by that graciousness

the hill—the most pristocratic boarding-house in town. "Do you play tennis?

to be dissipated, and Sidney could not But Tom was lax in regard to school rules, and felt himself superior to them. He introduced Sidney into his own set.

and before Silney knew it he was swag-gering down the street to the postomice, playing tennis and whist, and chumming with boys who could afford to spend in one month what he could spend in a year.

"all of us, you know," (in a guttural whis-per, exhibiting his ivory beetle after cast-ing oblique glancea in ever direction), "are going to Boston on the 12:42. We're

"But I can't afford-you know," stam-

a member you have got to come

of his course.
"You've just come into cur class, and I'm Devenant—Tom, for short. I hope that we may see much of each other." He held out his hand cordially. It was a fat hand, and exquisitely kept for a schoolboy's. A gold snake ring with two good-sized rubles for eyes glistened on his finser. He wore a fine tennis suit.

his finger. He wore a fine tennis suit, and his very presence exhaled luxury. Sidney had never been acquainted with a boy of Tom's social position before, and every letter home, in the arm of that woman below him. His first impulse was to snatch the dog away from the thief and comfort it at his breast; for in that inand perfect form.
"Have a cigarette?" Tom took from
his pocket a silver cigarette-holder and
handed it over to his new classmate. Sidstantaneous view, he had recognized his nanged it over to his new classimate. Sides of the profession of t stoop to those shoulders! The outline of her head suffocated him. In that in-stant's shock the command of his mother "Where do you room?" asked Tom with a kindly yet indefinable tone of condeflashed before his mind, and now he knew "At the Milistone House," 'answered

too well what that order meant.
"Shell out, Sid!" The Inexorable Tom
gave him another shove. e-can't," stammered the unhappy lad. Hestood trembling in every limb, the picture of horror and confusion. "Can't? You've got to give to the poor.

At the Annatone House, answered Sidney, gaily: then, noticing a smile of superiority on his companion's face, he hurried to say applogetically: "it was the only room I could get, coming so late. Where do you room?"

"At the Clubhouse, of course," pointing to a large brick building on the top of the hill—the most pristocratic boarding. Haven't you read your Bible? We've all done our duty. Come-Shell out! Why! What's the matter, Sid? Are you sick? By Jove, I believe he has recognized the

house in town. "Do you play tennis? I've got a private court up there, laid it out myself. I'll furnish recquet and balls and play you three sets, and bet you sodas I'll win. Is it a go?"
"All right." Sidney's eyes sparkled. He loved tennis above all sports, and was a line player, having taken the Highschool championship. "I'll run home and put on my things. I've got a raquet, thank you, I don't care if I do," he spil, dropping into the easy, schoolboy's slang as he accepted another cigarette with a matter-of-course air. He played and won, and Tom and he became fast friends. I do not mean fast in the literal sense. Tom Devenant was too well brought up to be dissipated, and Sidney could not Ouchess of York." With another loud laugh the boys turned from the beggar upon Sidney, who stood before them trembling piteously. He was staring at his mother with jaw dropped, with ashen face as if he had seen the dead. Ermine had been looking on as smail dogs are apt to do, with quick intelligence. He had recognized his young master, and with one wiggle had leaped out of Mrs. Dorris's arms and was jump ing up Sidney's legs, barking at the top of his lungs. Sidney's classmates stared at him in amazement. What did this meeting mean?

"Give it to us, Sid?" asked one of the fellows with a rough sneer, "Who is she out with the mystery of the beggar dog." In that moment Sidney saw his positio in that moment stately saw his position in the great school ruined beyond retrieve. No more cigariettes from Tom. No more Beetle society. No more tennis. No more anything. Who would speak to the beggar's son? His soul, which had undergone a gradual descent since he had left home, had not touched its spiritual tenth a vest. He save Ermine a brutal depth as yet. He gave Ermine a brutal kick and took from his pocket a few cop-pers and threw them into the cup with a deflant gesture.

one month what he could spend in a year. Nevertheless he did not allow his studious habits to wear off. He made a mark in the classroom. Besides, he took his rank as a possible tennis champion. This gave him quick prestige in his class; and, at last, he was elected into the Beetle Society, of which Tom Devenant was the patriarch, and whose badge of membership consisted of an ivory beetle which was exhibited between members on various occasions in mysterious ways.

"Look here, Sid," said Tom one November morning after Greek composition, "all of us, you know," (in a guttural whis-"How the Dickens do I know?" "How the Dickens do I know: He said this with an eath. It was his first. "Come on, won't you?" Even now he might escape, although the boys were only half satisfied; but the spaniel followed faithfully. He was confused and stunned by his rough reception. The begans women made an effort to hold the down gar woman made no effort to hold the dog back. She did not raise her eyes. She did not speak. She ground out "The Last going to catch the train on the siding. The engineer always slows down for a good cigar. Crumpy" treferring to the principal) "won't be onto that. Hey? Rose of Summer" as if her son had not denled her. "Here, Sid, here's your dog following,

ied his schoolmates mockingly, ems to know you." What's the matter?"
Sidney istammered and colored. His mother's strict command inundated his mind. He had clean forgotten all about it. Then the vision of his rich, smiling. But to Sidney the whole world had been blotted out, and everything swam before his eyes. He dared not turn, but stag-gered on a few steps like a drunken man.

His mother—a beggar-woman! His heart was shriveled up within him. Then he saw the dog beside him, and turned. "Go back!" he shouted with a madcareless classmate drove his mother out. And then the foolishness of her request, and of the promise that he had made to her overcome him. But still the best in him asserted itself for a moment. dened, guttural voice.

"I will not send you to boarding-school, Sidney," said his mother slowly and sternly, "unless you promise me not to go to Boston, except when I give you permission."

"Now, Sid, look here; don't be a Gilly," "In grant the stolld figure, any has been able to define the meaning of the term as used by the schoolboys in to for the first time when he repudiated the dog, and oh, what shame and disappolitate sense.

"But I can't afford—you know," stamment and pride were in that glance. dog, and ch, what shame and disappoint-ment and pride were in that glance. The perforated slip changed, and her

mered the poor boy.
"Bah! Nonsense! This is my treat. As right hand now mechanically ground out A few hours later a group of seven boys sung this in chorus with the boys at emerged from an ice cream saloon upon school. The sound of the tune and its Tremont street. They crossed over to the meaning brought his heart back to his

本

THIS LADY IS MY MOTHER.

"Have you ever been on top of the state house?" asked Tom, pointing at the

Being the most self-conscious one in the crowd, Sidney thought the question was meant for him. "I never thought much about it," he answered quickly. "Are you

"Of course," answered Tom, with a su-"Let's go," said another. And the seven boys, so easily waited by a breath, turned

to the right, and walked up the hill.
Sidney was ahead with Tom. After they crossed Beacon street, Sidney lagged behind in order to steal a glance down the famous highway that represented the culture and wealth of the great common-wealth. In the meantime the boys had stopped at the iron gate that leads to the stone steps and the capitol. They were laughing and chaffing, lingling pennics,

dicemen and citizens smiled upon them | what value to him was his position in school? What was the petty opinion of his new mates? Here was his mother. With a bound he was by her side, and he bent and put his strong arms around her as if to protect her from any further insult from his classmates. For five terrible minutes he had denied her. But now, he saw things in a new light. His mother, no matter what she did, was more than Tom. Home was more than school. In that instant all that was noble in the lad leaped up like a spring when a weight is

removed from it And Mrs. Dorris? The habit of years, even in this supreme moment was strong with the street-player. Her hand kept turning the hurdy-gurdy. The roll had changed to "The Old Folks at Home" All de world am sad and dreary,

Eb'ry where I roam; Oh darkies, how my heart grows weary, Far from de old folks at home. droned out the grotesque instrument; but the tears were now streaming down

the shawls.

"He never knew I did this," said Mrs. Dorris in a low tone to Tom as they both tried to revive her son. "I told him not to come to Boston. I took to it when my husband died, is years ago, because there's so much money in it. I've been an honest woman and worked hard-God knows-for my boy. I wanted to give him a good education—" Here she sobbed. "Ah, young sir, he's the same boy that he was before he saw ms. Don't biame he was before he saw ms. Don't biame "Ah, young sir, he's the same boy that he was before he saw me. Don't blame Sidney. Don't give him up! I'll give it up!" Tom's mouth twitched as he listened. Just as Sid opened his eyes his own soft hand stole around the knotted knuckles of the organ woman, and he gave them a warm pressure.

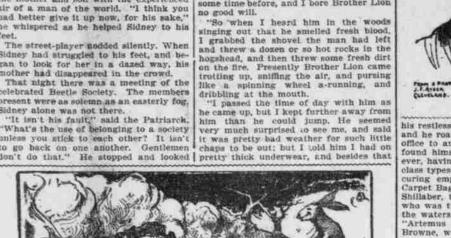
"You may trust me," he said. Til he his friend." Then he looked seriously at the mother and son with the experienced air of a man of the world. "I think you had better give it up now, for his sake," he whispered as he helped Sidney to his

The street-player nodded silently. When idney had struggled to his feet, and began to look for her in a dazed way, his mother had disappeared in the crowd. That night there was a meeting of the elebrated Beetle Society. The members resent were as solemn as an easterly fog, idney alone was not there.

to go back on one another. Gentlemen

he would head right for the place where the hogs had been killed.

"Now Brother Lion had been worrying me a good deal. He had hired Brother Wolf to capture me, and Brother Wolf had failed. Then he hired Brother Bear, and Brother Bear got into deep trouble. Finally he hired Brother Fox, and I knew the day wasn't far off when Mrs. Fox would have to hang crape on her door and go in mourning. All this had happened some time before, and I bore Brother Lion





BROTHER LION IN HOGSHEAD.

"I move you," said a member addressing Tom, "that any man who gives Sid
away in this school or even after, and
who doesn't stand up for him like a brother is a—a gilly, and shall be eternally disgraced, and—and—"
"That's enough," said Tom, with swimming eyes. "All in favor, hands up.
Contrary minded— It is a unanimous
vote. The meeting is adjourned. Let's all
go and see Sid."
And to the honor by the boys and of the
school, the vote way scrupulously carried
out.

LITTLE MR. THIMBLEFINGER The Children's Swond Visit-By Joel Chandler Harris.

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said about his story.
"I think he's right," remarked Mr. Rab-"It was the queerest tale I ever heard in all my life. You might sit and to tales from now until-well-until the first Tuesday before the last Satur-day in the year 700,777, and you'd never seer another tale like it."

"I don't see why," suggested Mrs. 'Well," replied Mr. Rabbit, chewing his

tobacco very slowly, "there are more rea-sons than I have hairs in my head, but I will only give you three. In the first place, this Sparkle Spry doesn't marry the king's taughter. In the second place, he doesn't live happily forever after. And in the third place"-Mr. Rabbit paused and scratched his head-"I declare, I've for rotten the third reason.

"If it's no better than the other two, it doesn't amount to much," said Mrs. Mead-ows. "There's no reason why he shouldn't have married the king's daughter if the king had a daughter, and if he didn't live happily it was his own fault. Stories are not expected to tell everything."
"Now, I'm glad of that," exclaimed Mr.

Rabbit. "Truly glad, I've had a story on my mind for many years, and I've kept it to myself because I had an idea that in telling a story you had to tell every-

"Well, you were very much mistaken," said Mrs. Meadows, with emphasis. "So it seems—so it seems," remarked

What was the story?" asked Buster

"I called it a story," replied Mr. Rabbit "but that is too big a name for it. I recker you have heard of the time when Brothe don had hair all over him as long and as thick as the mane he has now?"

But the children shook their heads. They had never heard of that, and even Mrs. Mendows said it was news to her.

Mendows said it was news to her.
"Now, that is very queer," remarked
Mr. Rabbit, filling his pipe slowly and deliberately. "Very queer, indeed. Time
and again I've had it on the tip of my tongue to mention that matter, but I always came to the conclusion that everybody knew all about it. Of course, it doesn't seem reasonable that Brother Lion went about covered from head to foot, and to the tip of his tail with long, woolly hair, but, on the other hand, when he was first seen without his long woolly hair, he was the laughing stock of the whole district.

I know mighty well he was the most mis-erable-looking creature I ever saw.
"It was curious, too, how it happened,"
Mr. Rabbit continued. "We were all liv-ing in a much colder climate than that in the country next door. Six months in the year there was ice in the rivers and snow on the ground, and them that didn't lay up something to eat when the weather was open had a pretty tough time of it the rest of the year. Brother Llon's long woolly hair belonged to that climate. But for that he would have frozen to death, for he was a great hunter, and he had to

be out in all sorts of weather. "One season we had a treme of cold weather, the coldest I had ever the withered face of the head bowed in felt. I happened to be out one day, browsing around, when I saw blue smoke rising a little distance off, so I says to myself.

com one to another appealingly. "Do I had just taken a hot bath in the hogs

'I'm both cold and dirty,' says smelling around the hogshead, 'and I need a bath. I've been asleep in the woods yonder, and I'm right stiff with cold. But that water is bubbling around

in there mightly."
"Tve just flung some rocks in, says I.
"How do you get in? says he.
"Back in, says I.
"Brother Lion walked around the hogs-

need once or twice, as if to satisfy him-neif that there was no trap, and then quatted and began to crawl into the nogshead backward. By the time his hind eg touched the water he pulled it out with a howl, and tried to jump away, but somehow his foot slipped off the rim of the hopshead and he sourced into the water-kerchug! up to his shoul

CHAPTER XIII—HOW BROTHER LION
LOST HIS WOOL.

Mr. Rabbit shaded his eyes with his hand and pretended to helieve that there might be a wooden horse trying to catch Tickle-My-Toes after all. But Mrs. Meadows said that there was no danger of anything like that. She explained that Tickle-My-Toes was running away because he didn't want to hear what was said about his story.

Mr. Rabbit paused, shut his eyes, and chuckled to himself.

"Well, you never heard such howling since you were born. Brother Lion scrambled out quicker than a cat can wink her left eye, and rolled on the ground, and scratched around, and tore up the carrie considerably. I thought at first he was putting on and pretending, but the water must have been mighty hot, for wald about his story. while Brother Lion was scuffling about all the wool on his body came off up to his shoulders, and if you were to see him today you would find him just that way.

"And more than that-before he souzed himself in that hogshead of hot water, Brother Lion used to strut around con-siderably. Being the king of all the animals, he felt very proud, and he used to go with his tail curled over his back. But since that time, he sneaks around as if he was afraid somebody would see

"There's another thing. His hide hurt him so bad for a week that every tim a fly lit on him he'd wiggle his tail. Som of the other animals, seeing him do this, thought it was a new fashion, and so they began to wiggle their tails. Watch your old house cat when you go and you'll see her wiggle her tail 40 times a day, without any reason or provocation. Why? Simply because the other animals, when they saw Brother Lion wiggling his tail, thought it was the fashion, and so

tail, thought it was the lasmon, and so they all began it, and now it has become a habit with the most of them. It is curious how such things go.

"But the queerest thing of all," con-tinued Mr. Rabbit, leaning back in his chair, and looking at Mrs. Meadows and the children through half-closed eyes, 'was this-that the only wool left on Brother Lion's body, with the exception of his mane, was a little tuft right on "How was that?" inquired Mrs. Mead-

Mr. Rabbit laughed heartily, but made no reply.

"I don't see anything to laugh at," said Mrs. Meadows, with some emphasis. "A civil question deserves a civil answer, I've always heard."
"Well, you know what you said awhile ago," remarked Mr. Rabbit.
"I don't know as I remember," re-

plied Mrs. Meadows. plied Mrs. Meadows.

"Why, you said pointedly that it was not necessary to tell everything in a story." Mr. Rabbit made this remark with great dignity. "And I judged by the

way you said it that it was bad taste to tell everything."
"Oh, I remember now," said Mrs. Meadows, laughing. 'It was only one of my

"But this is no joke," protested Mr. Rabbit, winking at the children, but keeping the serious side of his face toward Mrs. Meadows. 'I took you at your sol-emn word. Now, here is a tuft of wool on Brother Lion's tail, and you asked me how it happened to be there. I answer you as you answered me—'You don't have to tell everything in a story.' Am I right or am I wrong? "I'll not dispute with you," remarked

a confidential air. "It was simple as falling off a log. When Brother Lion feil into the hogshead of hot water, the end of his tail slipped through the bung-

This explanation was such an unexpected one that the children laughed, and so did Mrs. Meadows, But Mr. Thimble-

STORIESOFASHOWMAN

ARTEMIS WARD, THE GREAT AMERICAN HUMORIST.

Career of a Man Who Made an International Reputation and Died When Only 32,

(Copyright, 186, by S. S. McClure, Limited)
"Ariemus Ward," the genial showman,
was not a mere Yankee humorist. His
genius was thoroughly cosmopolitan, and he
himself a "rolling stone." But though
everywhere a stranger, he was everywhere at home. In his native place, Waterford, Me., he received a common school educa-Me., he received a common school educa-tion, and, being early thrown upon his own resources, he at the age of 14 entered the Clarion printing office at Skowhegan to earn his livelihood. Having learned to set type fairly well



ARTEMUS WARD. his restless spirit soon set him in motion and he roamed from one country printing office to another till he was 16, when he found himself stranded in Boston. Hew-ever, having already made himself a first-class typesetter, he had no difficulty in se-curing employment in the office of the curing employment in the office of the Carpet Bag, a comic journal conducted by Shillaber, the famous "Mrs. Partington," who was then very busy in keeping back the waters of the Atlantic ocean. Here "Artemus Ward," born Charles Farrar Browne, was in his element, and soon he began to try his wings in the congenial Carpet Bag, to the great delight of "Mrs. Partington" and the remarkable boy "Ike," who wondered much what rare hird had who wondered much what rare bird had

strayed into their nest.

But in vain they wondered, for Artemus carefully concealed himself, and hearing Horace Greeley's "Go West, young man." he before long took flight again, not alight-ing until he had reached Toledo, Ohio. Here he remained but a short time, when he removed to Cleveland, where he took quarters in the composing-room of the Plain-Dealer, an able, widely circulated journal, and a great power in that portion of Ohio. Here "Artemus Ward" was born and

grew to maturity under the fostering care of this influential newspaper. At first he was employed at type-setting, writing only short things to fill up some vacant column of the journal. But these short things attracting the attention of the editor-in-chief, he was promoted to the editorial staff, where he soon owned the torial staff, where he soon opened the menagerie of "Artemus Ward, Showman," into which he introduced from time to time "three moral Bares, a Kangaroo (a amoosing little Raskal—'twould make you arf yerself to deth to see the little of jump up and squeal); wax figgers of G. Washington, General Taylor, John Bun-yan, Captain Kidd and Dr. Webster in

yan, Captain Kidd and Dr. Webster in the act of killing Dr. Parkman; besides several miscellanyus wax statoos of celebrated pirates and murderers, etc., ekalled by few and excelled by none."

The menageric took Cleveland by storm, and scarcely a day passed without some country reader of the Plain Dealer applying to its counting-room for a sight of the Kangaroo, the moral "Bares" and the wonderful wax "figgers."

Being in Cleveland in 1811 I made the acquaintance of one of the editors of that journal, who had been the associate and friend of "A. Ward" at this period. He described to me his appearance when he

described to me his appearance when he list came to the Plain Dealer office. He was, he said, long and lank, with flowing hair, loosely fitting coat, and trousers to short in the legs and bagging at the knees. His humor was irrepressible, al-ways bubbling over, and he kept all about him in a constant state of merriment. He could see only the ludicrous side of a subject-was a wag, and in that line a

He soon took on more becoming raiment, and wherever he went he bea universal favorite. Soon after his primotion to the editorial staff he was called upon at a "Ben" Franklin festival to re good to a toast to the press. He rose t his feet, hung his head for a few mo ments in silence, and then sat down, hav-ing said nothing. In his own account of the festival in the next day's Plaindeals his speech was reported by a blank space of nearly half a column.

He made a fortnight's visit every ven to his mother, in Maine, and when about to go off on one of these vacations he employed the gentleman to whom I have referred to perform his duties in his ab-sence. After carefully instructing him as to his work, he drew from his pocket a plece of tow string about a foot and half long, saying that was the amount o copy he would be expected to furnish per day, and he left it on his desk as a reminder of the quantity.

"A. Ward's" absurd descriptions of his imaginary menagerie, his keen witticisms, shrewd sayings and irresistible plays of humor, secured him a wide reputation and after several years' connection with the Plaindealer, he was invited to remove to New York city and become a regular contributor to Vanity Fair, a short-lived but exceeding brilliant comic journal, then edited by that accomplished scholar and thorough gentleman, Charles Godfrey Lo land (Hans Breitmann).

This gave Artemus Ward a more ex-tended audience, and a national reputa tion. His sayings were soon in the mouths of every Northern man, and they did very much to sustain a sentiment of loyalty to the Union. His satire was keen, but very genial, and beneath it all was a stratum of shrewd American comm sense that appealed alike to political friends and enimies. I know of nothing that so well depicts the troublous times of the early years of the civil war as his sketches in Vanity Fair. As mere pic-tures of the war period they have a per-manent historical value. Nowhere else are so clearly shown the confused and jarring notions of the average American on the great emancipation problem, or such a portrait as that of the gushing patriot who sent all his own and wife's relations to the front, but stayed at home

These sketches written at the darkes eriod of the the war, vividly express the nation's trials and perplexities, and no one can read them now without being struck with the strong hold they took upon the with the strong not they observed the people, as it is evidenced by the great number of his witty sayings and happy turns of thought that have become a part of the language of the country. Some of his single words became at once a part of the national vocabulary.

When Charles G. Leland resigned to take the literary editorship of the Conti-nental Monthly, "A. Ward" succeeded him as editor of Vanity Fair, and soon he be-gan his remarkably successful career as a lecturer. In this capacity he visited Utah and California, and returning to New York in 1863 he produced a series of lectures on Mormonism, which took the public by storm, and even now are a de-light to those who read his book on Brigham Young and his people. In the spring of 1865 he went to London, intending to at

once begin a lecturing tour of Great Britain, but failing health undited him for the work until June of that year. His lectures were as great a success in England as they had been in this country, and his contributions to the Lendon Punch, which began at the same time took rank with those of the most famous humorists of our time, who have one and all written for that noted journal. Few things in humorous literature are better than his reflections "At the Tomb of Shakspere," which was his first contribution to Punch. "I told my wife Betsey," he says, "when

which was his first contribution to Funch. "I told my wife Betsey," he says, "when I left home I would go to the birthplace of the orther of 'Otheller' and other plays. She said that as long as I kept out of Newgate she aldn't care where I went. 'But, 'I said, 'don't you know he was the greatest poit that ever lived? Not one of these common poits. I'ke that young ldyit who writen verses to our daughter abowt the roses as growses and the brezes as the roses as growses and the breezes as blowses-but a Boss Poit, also a phile pher, also a man who knew a great deal about everything."
"She was packing my things at the

"She was packing my things at the time, and the only answer she made was to ask me if I was a goin' to carry both of my red flannel nightcaps.

"Yes, I've been to Stratford on the Avon, the birthplace of Shakspere. Mr. S. is now no more. He's been dead over three hundred (300) years. The people of his native town are justly proud of him. They cherish his mem'ry, and them as sell pictures of his birthplace, etc., make it prof'tible cherishin' it. Almost everybody puys a pictur to put in their Albiom.

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"As I stood gazing on the spot where Shakspere is supposed to have fell down on the ice and hurt hisself when a boy (this spot cannot be bought—the town authorities say it shall never be taken from Stratford). I wondered if 300 years hence picture of my birthplace will be in demand? Will the people of my native town be proud of me in 300 years! I guess they won't short of that time, because they say be proud of me in 300 years? I guess they won't short of that time, because they say the fat man weighing 1800 pounds which I exhibited there was stuffed out with pillers and cushions, which he said one very hot day in July: 'Oh, bother: I can't stand this,' and commenced pullin' the pillers out from under his weskit, and heavin' 'em at the audience. I never saw a man lose flesh so fast in my life. The audience said I was a pretty man to come chiselin'. said I was a pretty man to come chiselin' my own townspeople. I said, 'Do not be angry, feller officers. I exhibited him sim-ply as the work of art. I simply wished ply as the work of art. I simply wished to show you that a man could grow fat without the aid of cod liver oil.' But they wouldn't listen to me. They are a low and grovelin' set of people, who excite a feelin' of loathing in every breast where lorfty emotions and original idees have a bidin' place."

But Mr. Browne's sojourn in England was cut short by his continued ill health. It rapidly declined, and he set out to re-It rapidly declined, and he set out to re-turn to this country, but death overtook him before he could get upon shipboard, and he breathed his last at Southampton, England, on the 6th of March, 1867, at the early age of 52. By his will, after provid-ing for his mother and for a young man-he had undertaken to educate, he left all his property to found an orphan asylum for printers and their orphan children. His affection for his wildowed mother was peculiarly beautiful. She survived him peculiarly beautiful. She survived him several years, and whenever she spoke of him after his death, it was his long and faithful love of her that she dwelt upon, and not upon the brilliant qualities that had made him world-famous. They now lie together, side by side, in the grass-grown cemetery at South Waterford, Me., with a simple monument over their heads, on which is the single word "Browne." This is all that now marks the last rest-ing-place of the greatest of American hu-morists. In his short life he created one of the most original and amusing characters in all literature. Those who knew him well are of opinion that had he lived his fame would have rivaled that of Rabelais or Cervantes. JAMES GILMORE. ("Edmund Kirke").

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